

Saturday Magazine.

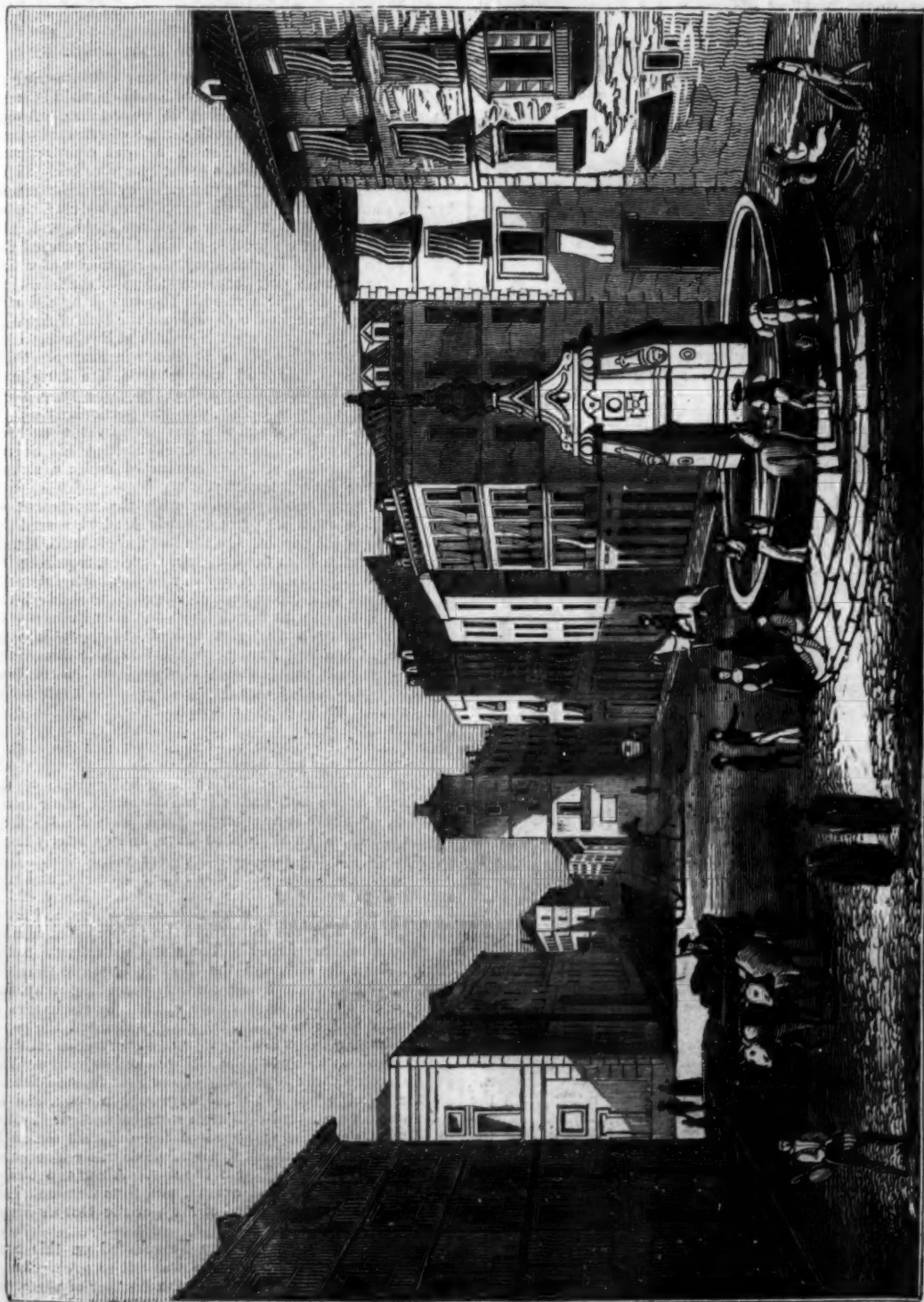
No 187. SUPPLEMENT,



MAY, 1835.

PRICE
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



GREAT STREET, AND FOUNTAIN OF GOOD SUCCESS, MADRID.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF MADRID.

MADRID, the capital of the province of New Castle and of the whole Spanish monarchy, stands nearly in the centre of Spain, on the left bank of the little river, or rather rivulet, which bears the name of Manzanares. It is a place almost entirely of modern creation, and has enjoyed its present rank of metropolis scarcely beyond two centuries and a half. Till the accession of King Philip, Madrid was little more than a royal palace, or hunting-seat; but in the year 1563, it became the residence of the court, and has since continued to be so, with only a slight interruption in the reign of Philip the Third. Under these circumstances it soon became a large city; mansions, churches, and convents, were erected about it in considerable numbers. Philip the Fifth embellished it much; but the monarch to whom its magnificence is to be chiefly attributed, is Charles the Third. In his reign, too, it was very near losing its metropolitan honours, in consequence of the tumult which arose upon an order for cleansing the streets, and for the prohibition of slouched hats and large cloaks. The populace stoutly resisted this innovation upon their ancient habits, and maintained a severe struggle against its enforcement; but the military finally quelled the tumults, and the king carried his point. The prohibition was then rigidly enforced, and round hats were pulled off the heads of people in the open streets. "Every blackguard now," says Mr. Swinburne, in 1776, "loiters about with his hat pinned up triangularly, but the moment he gets out of town, and beyond the bounds of the proclamation, he indulges himself in flapping it down on all sides." A little manœuvring on the part of the minister, Aranda, turned the popular feeling in favour of the order: "By cocked-hats," he proclaimed, "the king will know his true Spaniards;"—and thenceforward, we are told, none but large Prussian cocked-hats were to be seen. Charles was, however, so annoyed on the occasion, that he seriously contemplated the removal of his court to Seville; and, in all probability, he would have carried his design into execution, but for the representations of the minister, who was unwilling that the large expenditure which had recently been made upon Madrid, should be thus rendered useless.

ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY.

SCARCELY anything is known of Madrid as it existed before it became the royal residence and the seat of the court. The Spanish antiquaries labour hard to establish its antiquity; and their patriotism would fain assign it an origin more remote, as they proudly exclaim, than that of Rome itself. It is amusing to observe the efforts of national vanity, in their attempts to affix an early renown to the site of their country's metropolis—or as they style it—"the spot destined by the clemency of Heaven to be the head of the most powerful and extended empire possessed by earthly king, and the mother and protectress of all nations."—"The Greeks were its founders," says Davila, one of the chroniclers of King Philip the Fourth: "in this are agreed many of much credit, who say that the period of its foundation was 1560 years after the General Deluge. They gave it the name of Mantua, in memory of Manto, the mother of Ochus, the son of King Tiberinus, who founded Mantua in Italy." Quintana, who wrote in 1629, or only six years after Davila, settles the matter with much more precision, devoting to it several chapters of very flowery Spanish, in his folio volume on the *History of Madrid*. He begins with the famous drought which is said to have afflicted Spain for six-and-twenty continuous years, in the eleventh century before the Christian era, and then takes the opportunity of introducing "certain Greek captains," who were attracted to Spain, after their return from the Trojan War, by the fame of that extraordinary phenomenon, and by the general report of the riches of the country. A subsequent chapter fixes the exact period of the foundation: "It was," says Quintana, gravely, "4380 years after the Creation,—2078 after the Universal Deluge,—100 before the first Olympiad,—and 897 before the birth of Christ." This vain affectation of exactitude comes, however, very fitly from the pen of a writer who, a few pages afterwards, treats "of the planet and sign which influence this most noble city," and gravely awards the honour to Leo and Sagittarius for signs, and to Sol and Jupiter for planets, whose benign influences he affirms to be exhibited in the opulence, riches, majesty, nobility,

greatness, and happy climate, of the fortunate capital. This author was a "Notary of the Holy Office of the Inquisition," and the book in which he wrote all this nonsense has pompously prefixed to it the solemn approval of several ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Spain.

We may safely believe, however, that if Madrid existed as a town more than four centuries ago, it was one of but very inconsiderable importance. Its history, to the beginning of the present century, is marked by scarcely any events of note; much interest, however, attaches to it at that period from its connexion with the fortunes of Napoleon.

TUMULT OF THE 2ND OF MAY, 1808.

In the year 1808, when Buonaparte was endeavouring to obtain possession of the kingdom of Spain, Madrid became the scene of events of considerable importance. About the middle of March, in that year, certain dissensions which had distracted the Royal Family of that country, and which had afforded Napoleon a pretext for interfering in its domestic policy, were brought to a crisis by insurrections at Aranjuez and Madrid; and the reigning monarch, Charles the Fourth, abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand. On the 23rd, Buonaparte's brother-in-law, Murat, entered the capital with part of a French army, the remainder of which was quartered in the neighbourhood; and on the following day Ferdinand himself arrived. The new king did not, however, long remain in the capital; on the 10th of April he commenced a journey to meet Napoleon at Bayonne, which ended in his own detention as a prisoner in France. Soon afterwards, his father and mother (the late king and queen) repaired thither also; and at the same time, their minister, the infamous Godoy, who was particularly odious to the people of Spain, and who was then in the custody of the Spanish authorities at Madrid, obtained his liberty through Buonaparte, and was conducted under a strong escort into the French territory.

These circumstances, together with the movement of French troops from all parts towards Madrid, roused the indignation of the people. On the last day of April, Murat produced a letter from the old king, Charles, requiring his brother, the Infante Don Antonio, who had been intrusted by Ferdinand with the powers of Regency, to send off the queen of Etruria, with her children and Don Francisco de Paula, Ferdinand's youngest brother, to meet him at Bayonne. Carriages were prepared for their departure; but a rumour got abroad among the people that one of these was intended to convey Don Antonio himself to France, and they resolved not to permit this last of the Royal Family to be carried off. A crowd collected, the traces of the carriage were cut, and the vehicle was forced back into the yard.

The tumult was now begun, and in an instant the whole city was in commotion; the swelling indignation of the Spaniards broke out, and all ran to attack their hated enemies. "There is no other instance," says Mr. Southey, "upon record, of an attempt so brave, and so utterly hopeless, when all the circumstances are considered. The Spanish troops were locked up in their barracks, and prevented from assisting their countrymen. Many of the French were massacred before they could collect and bring their force to act; but what could the people effect against so great a military force?" The alarm soon spread to the camp outside the city, and the French began to pour into it on all sides; their flying artillery was brought up, and in some places, the streets were cleared by discharges of grape-shot, while in others, the cavalry charged the populace, and the soldiers fired volleys into every cross street as they passed, as well as at the windows and balconies. The people soon felt the superiority of the French, and fled for shelter into the houses; these were broken open, and all within who were found with arms were bayoneted. Parties of cavalry were also stationed at the different outlets of Madrid, to pursue and cut down all those who endeavoured to seek refuge by flying from the city. About two o'clock in the day the firing had ceased, and thus terminated the celebrated tumult of the 2nd of May, or the *Dos de Mayo*, as the Spaniards call it.

Above seven hundred of the French fell on this occasion; the loss of the Spaniards was not so great; but it was subsequently increased, by the number of those who were executed as having taken part in the rising. "In the first moment of irritation," says Colonel Napier, "Murat ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a military

commission; but the municipality interfered, and represented to that prince, the extreme cruelty of visiting this angry ebullition of an injured and insulted people with severity. Murat admitted the weight of their arguments, and forbade any executions on the sentence; but it is said, that General Grouchy, in whose immediate power the prisoners remained, exclaiming that his own life had been attempted! that the blood of the French soldiers was not to be spilt with impunity! and that the prisoners, having been condemned by a council of war, ought, and should be executed! proceeded to shoot them in the Prado; and forty were thus slain, before Murat could cause his orders to be effectually obeyed. The next day, some of the Spanish authorities having discovered that a colonel commanding the imperial guards still retained a number of prisoners in the barracks, applied to the Duke of Berg, (Murat) to have them released. Murat consented to have those prisoners also enlarged; but the colonel getting intelligence of what was passing, and enraged at the loss of so many choice soldiers, put forty-five of the captives to death before the order could arrive to stay his bloody proceedings."

CAPTURE OF MADRID BY NAPOLEON, IN 1808.

AFTER the tumult of the 2nd of May, the city of Madrid remained in quiet submission to the French, until the close of July, when the surrender of General Dupont's army to the Spaniards, at the battle of Baylen, induced Joseph Buonaparte, who had been placed on the throne by his brother Napoleon, to withdraw from the capital, and take a more secure position in the north. But the release which the inhabitants enjoyed from the presence of their invaders was of short duration; Napoleon himself came from France to ensure the subjugation of Spain, and, at the close of November, appeared at the foot of the mountains which cover the approach to Madrid from the north. The pass of Somosierra, through which his route lay, being forced, the way to Madrid was open to the French; and certainly the state of the capital offered little that was likely to impede its capture. Before the pass had been forced, orders had been issued to arm and embody the inhabitants; other measures were also taken; but the preparations had been delayed too long to be now of any essential service. The people were ready, and willing to do their duty; but there was none to guide them in such an emergency. They demanded ammunition, and among the cartridges which they received, there happened to be some which contained sand instead of gunpowder. A cry of treason was instantly raised, and the mob began to look for victims on whom to wreak their fury. Some one accused the Marquis of Perales; the rabble at once rushed to his house, murdered him, and dragged his body through the streets, exulting in what they believed his deserved punishment. "Many others, of inferior note, fell victims to this fury," says Colonel Napier; "for no man was safe, none durst assume authority to control, none durst give honest advice; the houses were thrown open, the bells of the convents and churches rang incessantly, and a band of ferocious armed men traversed the streets in all the madness of popular insurrection."

On the 2nd of December, the French cavalry came within sight of Madrid, and took possession of the heights; Buonaparte arrived at noon, on the same day, and then gave orders for summoning the town to surrender. An aide-de-camp of Marshal Bessières was sent on this duty; he was seized by the people, and was on the point of being massacred, when the Spanish soldiers, ashamed of such conduct, rescued him. The infantry came up the same night, and in the following day an attack was made on the palace of the Buen Retiro, a weak irregular work, which was of importance as commanding the city. A thousand Spaniards fell in its defence, but the place was carried; other advantages were gained by the French; and on the 4th, the town was again summoned by Marshal Berthier, who used the most terrifying arguments to enforce the necessity of a surrender. "Immense batteries," he said, "are mounted; mines are prepared to blow up your principal buildings; columns of troops are at the entrances of the town, of which some companies of sharpshooters have made themselves masters. But the emperor, always generous in the course of his victories, suspends the attack till two o'clock. To defend Madrid is contrary to the principles of war, and inhuman toward the inhabitants." The leaders of the people were not the men whose daring

boldness might lead them to resist such arguments as these, even if they had been true to their trust; the treachery of one of them, that one in whom the people placed their highest confidence—Don Thomas Merla—is now undisputed.

This individual, accompanied by another Spaniard, went out to Berthier's tent, and assured him of the willingness of the chiefs to surrender the city, but represented that they were unable, at the moment, to persuade the people to agree to such a step; accordingly, they requested a suspension of arms for a short time. The "unworthy deputies," as Mr. Southey calls them, were then introduced to the presence of Buonaparte, who exhibited, on the occasion, one of those theatrical displays in which he delighted to indulge. "You use the name of the people to no purpose," he said; "if you cannot appease them and restore tranquillity, it is because you have inflamed them, and led them astray by propagating falsehoods. Call together the clergy, the heads of convents, the alcaldes, the men of property and influence, and let the city capitulate before six o'clock in the morning, or it shall cease to exist." He then reproached the Spaniards in bold language for their conduct towards himself, and read them a lecture on their bad faith, in not observing the treaty of Baylen—in suffering Frenchmen to be assassinated—and in seizing upon the French squadron at Cadiz. "This rebuke," says Sir Walter Scott, "was gravely urged by the individual who had kidnapped the royal family of Spain while they courted his protection as his devoted vassals; who had seized the fortresses into which his troops had been received as friends and allies; who had floated the streets of Madrid with the blood of its population; and, finally, who had taken it upon him to assume the supreme authority, and dispose of the crown of Spain, under no better pretext than that he had the will and the power to do so. Had a Spaniard been at liberty to reply to the Lord of Legions, and reckon with him injury for injury, falsehood for falsehood, drop of blood for drop of blood, what an awful balance must have been struck against him!"

The conclusion of this harangue was decided. "Return to Madrid. I give you till six o'clock in the morning; come back at that hour, if you have to announce the submission of the people; otherwise, you and your troops shall be put to the sword."—"Had there been a Spaniard present," says Mr. Southey, "to have replied as became him on behalf of his country, Buonaparte would have trembled at the reply, like Felix before the Apostle." There was none such, however, to be found; and Napoleon's threats produced their full effect. On the morning of the 5th, Madrid surrendered; General Belliard marched in and took possession of the city, the regular Spanish troops having quitted it on the opposite side during the night.

The capital remained in the possession of the French until the middle of 1812; the decisive victory gained by Lord Wellington at Salamanca, in the month of July in that year, compelled Joseph Buonaparte to quit Madrid, leaving in it only a small garrison. The British army moved towards it in August; and for an account of their entry, we refer our readers to the seventh of our series of papers on the *Wellington Shield*.*

SITUATION.

IN the midst of a wide, arid, uneven plain, skirted on one side by a ridge of lofty mountains, and open on every other to the boundless horizon, stands the city of Madrid, at an elevation exceeding 2000 feet above the level of the sea. There are few capitals so badly situated; it is difficult, indeed, to conceive what could have induced King Philip to establish the metropolis of his dominions on such a spot. Its single advantage is its central situation; but there are other cities which equal it in that respect, and yet are not exposed to the same inconveniences to which it is subject. It has no large river flowing past it—no natural means of communication with other parts of Spain; its water is brought from a distance of seven leagues, for the Manzanares affords an uncertain supply during only a portion of the year. The neighbouring country is a dreary desert, consisting merely of low sterile hills; or, as it is written in a little French book, published at Cologne in the year 1665, under the title of an *Account of Madrid, or Remarks on the Manners of its People*,—"the earth hereabouts is nothing but sand and stone, and if it does

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. V., p. 5.

yield some produce, it is rather to shame the idleness of the inhabitants than to show its own fertility." So little, indeed, is it adapted to agricultural pursuits, that the city is, to a certain extent, dependent for its supplies of animal and vegetable food on the distant provinces of the kingdom. The fish which is sold in its streets is brought on the backs of mules from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; cattle and some kinds of vegetables are brought from the Asturias, Galicia, and Biscay, and fruits of all sorts from the southern and eastern provinces.

This peculiarity in the locality of Madrid renders the approach to it very curious. No shady groves or spreading avenues, no smiling gardens or elegant country-seats, are to be seen; a few scattered villages, with here and there an isolated farm-house or cottage, serve very imperfectly to bespeak the vicinity of a large capital. According to Mr. Quin, it first presents itself to view at the distance of about a league—"almost like Palmyra," the ancient queen of the desert. Fischer compares the city to an island in the ocean; "leave the road," he says, "and you stand already in the streets of the residence."—"If you wander a hundred yards," says a later traveller, "from the gates of Madrid, you seem to have taken leave of civilization and the haunts of men." The inhabitants of Castile have always been remarkable for a decided antipathy to trees in the neighbourhood of their large towns; and they have carefully laid bare the country around their capital. Mr. Inglis says, that from the Somosierra to the gates of Madrid, a distance of nearly thirty miles, there is not a tree to be seen. Great part of the land is uncultivated, and that part of it which is laboured and which produces grain, is mostly covered with weeds and stones. The appearance of the city on this side is not imposing; it seems small, and though its spires and towers are tolerably numerous, they are not such as to awaken much curiosity. "If the traveller," he adds, "turned his back upon Madrid when within half a mile of the gates, he might believe himself to be a hundred miles from any habitation; the road-stretches speckled only by a few mules there are no carriages; no horsemen; scarcely even a pedestrian—there is, in fact, not one sign of vicinity to a great city."

The form of Madrid is that of an irregular quadrangle; its circumference measures about eight miles. It is encompassed with a slight earthen wall, through which ingress is obtained by means of fifteen granite gates, some of them remarkable for their architectural beauty. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Davila gave the following estimate in reference to the size of this capital: 399 streets, 14 places or squares, 10,000 houses, 13 parish-churches, with others annexed to them, 25 convents for men, 20 monasteries of nuns, 15 hospitals, 1 chapel, 1 college, 4 hermitages, and 2 oratories. The statements of more modern writers present much discrepancy on these points; a recent traveller gives the following: 8000 houses, 146 places of worship, including, besides those of colleges, 62 convents for monks and nuns; 18 hospitals, 13 colleges, 15 academies, 4 public libraries, 6 prisons, 15 gates of granite, 85 squares and places, and 50 public fountains.

THE RIVER MANZANARES.

LIKE the more famous Tiber of Rome, the Manzanares of Madrid exists chiefly in the songs of the poets; the Spaniards have chanted its praises, and travellers have treated with contempt the "insignificant brook." In the season of spring, when its current has been swollen by the rains and the melted snows, it assumes something of a river-like appearance; but under the parching heats of summer, it dwindles into a shallow stream, scarcely surpassing a broad ditch in the volume of its waters. Its source is in the mountains of Guadarrama, whence it flows past Madrid into the larger channel of the Xarama; their united waters enter the Tagus at Aranjuez, not very far above the city of Toledo. The project of cutting a canal from the capital to the Xarama, and thus opening a navigable communication with the Tagus, has often been entertained. One of the kings of Spain is said to have had surveys made, with the view of bringing the Xarama into the channel of the Manzanares; but he died before he could carry his scheme into execution. Fischer speaks of a canal which was begun about the middle of the last century, and continued quite far enough to render evident the advantages that would ensue from its completion; it then shared the fate of most Spanish projects, and was

abandoned,—its putrid exhalations in the summer-season poisoning the whole neighbourhood with fevers. But the schemes of Joseph Buonaparte surpassed all others; during his short-lived reign, this puppet-king dreamt of diverting the waters of the Tagus from their old course, and making them pass by Madrid in a new channel. We find no mention of the subject in the works of recent travellers.

But the Spaniards are very well satisfied with the Manzanares, in spite of its insignificance; indeed, Quintana praises it for that very quality. "For," as he says, "from its not being a noble stream, arises this advantage,—that those who enter its waters in the pursuit of pleasure or of health, are enabled to enjoy the comfort of a bath, without any risk of life." He even tells us of a German count who thought it the best river in all Europe, because "it was possible to go in a coach, or on horseback, in the middle of it, for three or four leagues, without any danger,—enjoying, on the one side and the other, pleasing woods, and green walks, whose freshness, together with the silence of the waters, and the sweet harmony of the birds, not only delighted and softened the senses, but also recreated and strengthened the faculties of the mind." The bathing-houses belonging to this river are little temporary huts, composed of poles and mats; they are erected on its banks, and even in the midst of its shallow current.

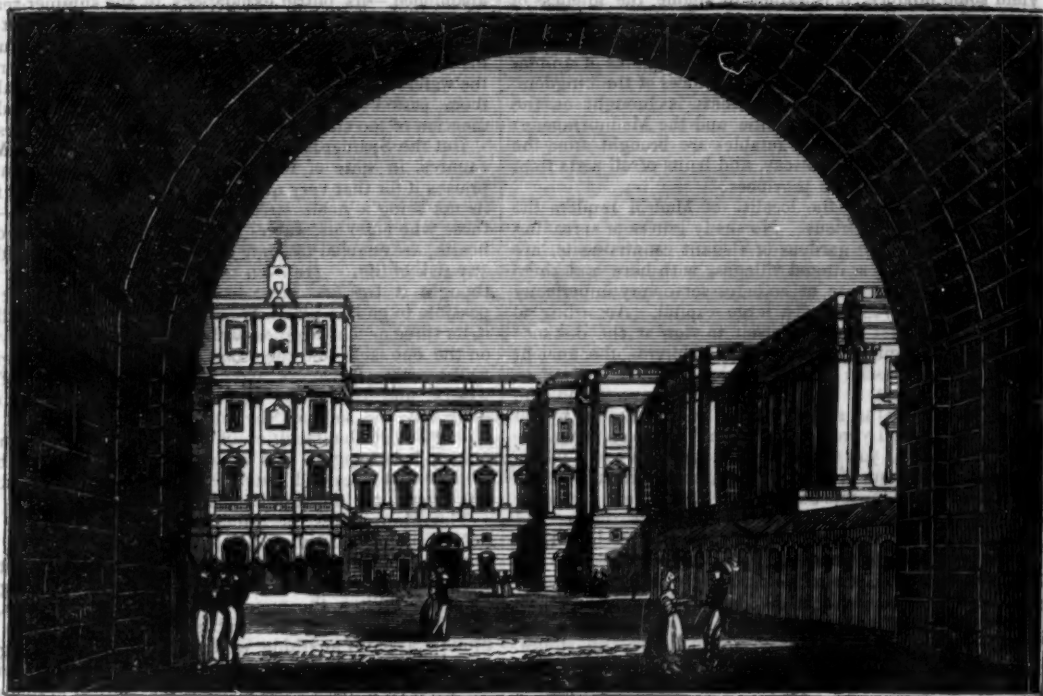
The Manzanares, or rather its bed, is crossed by two noble bridges of masonry; one of them, the *Puente goyana*, so called from its being on the road to the city of Segovia, was built by King Philip the Second, at a great expense. When the monarch had finished the work, he showed it to one of the ambassadors at his court, and proudly asked if anything were wanting: "Less bridge or more water!" was the laconic reply. The other bridge bears the name of Toledo, as it lies on the road to that city. Like the *Puente Segoviana*, it is worthy of a better river, or, to use the words of "a young American," "it would do honour to the Hudson or the Danube." Like that, too, it has been the subject of many a jest, on account of the unfortunate contrast which subsists between the magnificence of its fabric, and the poorness of the stream which flows under it. One person remarked, on beholding it, "that he had seen many rivers which wanted bridges, but here was a bridge sadly in want of a river;" and another is said to have counselled the Spanish king to sell the bridge, and buy water with the money.

STREETS.

THE streets of Madrid are, on the whole, tolerably good; as in most large cities, there are some remarkably fine, and others remarkably mean. Those which are to be found in the old quarters, are mostly narrow and crooked; whereas those which compose the more modern portion of the capital, are generally broad and regular. All are well paved, and furnished with a side-walk for foot-passengers; but this is not elevated above the level of the rest of the street.

The finest street in Madrid is the *Calle de Alcalá*, which opens upon the stranger's view immediately on his passing through the gate of Alcalá. Mr. Inglis says that he knows no finer entry to any city,—perhaps, indeed, none so fine. Mr. Quin describes the prospect as having the appearance rather of a vista in painting, than of a mere reality. Standing at the foot of this street, the spectator has on either side of him the beautiful alleys of the Prado, with their long lines of noble trees, and their stately fountains of marble; at his back is the gate of Alcalá, "a fine model of architectural beauty," while in front of him stretches, with a graceful bend, the street itself, "long, of superb width, and flanked by splendid ranges of unequalled buildings," which comprise, among others, the custom-house, two celebrated convents, and the hotels of many of the ambassadors. Yet even this street is inconvenient for pedestrians, especially in rainy or snowy weather; the pavement is narrow and rough, and lies exactly under the water-pipes, which project a little from the parapets of the houses, and discharge the collections of their roofs on the heads of the unfortunate passengers below,—the simple addition of a water-pipe having not been thought of, or having been deemed too expensive.

Our Engraving in page 209, presents a view of the *Calle Mayor*, or "Great Street," which belongs to the older portion of the city. On the right is seen the Fountain of *Buen Suceso*, or "Good Success," a kind of morning resort for the idle, and on the left, in the background, stands the *Casa de Correos*, or Post-office.



THE PALACE, MADRID.

Madrid possesses a great many fountains, most of them large and excellent; from these the *aguadores*, or water-carriers, derive their supplies. There is no system established in this capital, such as exists in the larger cities of our own country, for the conveyance of water to individual houses in separate pipes; and thus the vending of this necessary article becomes an important species of traffic.

There are two branches of the trade, the wholesale and the retail, as we may call them; the *Gallegos*, or Galicians, enjoy the exclusive possession of the former branch; they are a similar class to their brethren of Lisbon, whom we have already described*. These people form a sort of guild of their own, which pays annually a fixed sum for the benefit of the water-works; they divide the city among them, and the inhabitants of each district are thus obliged, as it were, to be the customers of him to whose lot it has fallen. These shares are said to be regarded in the light of a substantial property, which the owners may bequeath to their children and relations, or sell to any other Gallego who wishes to embark in the business. The occupation is a laborious one, but in summer it is highly lucrative, for the consumption of water is then necessarily enormous. The retail class of *aguadores*, or petty dealers in water, do not form a distinct body; whoever can afford to buy an earthen pitcher and a couple of glasses, may set up at pleasure in this branch of trade; yet, to a certain extent, these have their separate districts; they are to be found constantly plying up and down their respective walks, with their long jars on their backs and glittering frames of glasses on their left arms, crying "Fresh water! who drinks? Just come from the fountain!" When they meet with a customer, they quickly take a glass from the basket, and stooping their bodies forward, fill it with much dexterity from a reed in the mouth of the jar. Our readers will observe one of these *aguadores* depicted in the Engraving of the Calle Mayor; they may recollect the water-carriers of Mexico†, and compare the two.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE STREETS.

The stranger who walks, for the first time, through the streets of Madrid, finds in them an abundant source of interest; he sees so much which he never saw before, as to enjoy, in a high degree, the pleasures of novelty. The dresses of the people are new to him; for, in spite of that fashion which has now nearly assimilated the costume of other European capitals, the citizens of Spain still retain

their national garb. The sombreness of the prospect which the streets present, will, at once, strike him; and this he speedily discovers arises from the costume of the women. It is the varied and many-coloured attire of the female sex that gives to the streets of other great cities their air of gaiety and liveliness. "No pink," as Mr. Inglis says, "and green, and yellow, and blue, silk bonnets nod along the streets of Madrid; for the women wear no bonnets; no ribbons, of more than all the hues of the rainbow, chequer the pavement, for the women of Madrid do not understand the use of ribbons. Only conceive the sombreness of a population without a bonnet or a ribbon, and all, or nearly all, in black! yet such is the population of Madrid." Yet the dress of the women, though sombre, bears in the eye of a stranger a character of both novelty and grace. The mantilla is its chief feature; this is a scarf, of lace or silk, or both, which is thrown over the head and shoulders; behind and at the sides it descends nearly to the waist, while in front, after falling over a very high comb, it is gathered and fastened, generally with some ornament, just above the forehead at the lower part of the hair. There are other objects which give a stamp of originality to the scene; the round turned-up hat and crimson sash of the peasant,—the short green jacket and bare legs and sandals of the numberless water-carriers,—the sprinkling of the military costume,—and, above all, the grotesque dresses of the friars, in the costumes of their different orders,—all these impart a little of the picturesque to the character of the streets. To Mr. Inglis no feature appeared more novel than the universality of the fan. "A Spanish woman," he says, "would be quite as likely to go out of doors without her shoes as without her fan. I saw not one female in the streets without this indispensable appendage. The portly dame and her stately daughter,—the latter six paces in advance, as is the universal custom throughout Spain,—walked fanning themselves; the child of six years old held mamma with one hand, and fanned herself with the other; the woman sitting at her stall selling figs, sat fanning herself; and the servant coming from market carried her basket with one arm and fanned herself with the other: to me who had never before seen a fan but in the hands of a lady, this seemed ridiculous enough."

The appearance which the streets of Madrid present at various hours of the day is very different; they begin to assume a bustling appearance at an early hour. "The matin bell," to use Fischer's description, "announces the early mass; the streets become more animated; veiled women in black appear, and men in long brown cloaks, with their hair hanging down their back in *redessillas*, or nets. The doors of all the balconies open, and water is

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. V., p. 218.

† See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. VI., p. 123.

sprinkled out before every house. Now the goat-keepers with their little herds enter the gates, crying 'Milk! Milk! Goats! Milk! fresh and warm! who wants any?' There I see market-women pass by, with their asses loaded with vegetables; bakers with bread, in carts made of reed; water-carriers and porters hastening to commence their day's work; whilst, with a hoarse voice, two consequential-looking alcauzils proclaim the thefts committed on the preceding night. By degrees all the warehouses, shops, and booths are opened. The *taberneros*, or publicans, expose their wine-cups, the chocolate-women get their pots ready, the water-carriers begin to chant their '*Quien bebe?*'—'Who drinks?' and the hackney-coach and hackney-chaise drivers, with the persons who let mules for hire, take their usual stands.

The bustle of the streets increases till about one o'clock; from that hour till four the aspect of every thing is changed. A dead silence prevails; all the window-shutters are put up or the curtains let down, and scarcely a respectable person is to be seen in the streets,—the inhabitants are taking their siesta, or mid-day nap; all alike enjoy this luxury. "The stall-keepers spread their cloths over their wares and go to sleep; groups of the poor and idle are seen stretched in the shade, and the water-carriers throw their jackets over their faces, and make pillows of their water-casks. The siesta over, all is again life and bustle; the curtains are withdrawn, the balconies are filled with ladies, the sleepers shake off their drowsiness, the water-carriers resume their vocation, and deafen us with the cry of "*agua fresca*" (fresh water).

SQUARES.

Among the squares of Madrid there are none remarkable for their size, or for the buildings which surround them; yet some are not without very considerable attractions. The *Plaza Mayor*, or "Great Square," stands in the heart of the city; the *Calle Mayor*, or "Great Street," leads into it. It is a rectangular space, 434 feet long, and 334 broad, or 1536 feet in circuit; a piazza, supported by pillars of freestone, runs round the interior, and above this rises a uniform range of lofty houses. The date of the square is 1619, as is testified by a long inscription on the Royal Bakery, which forms a part of it, and the cost of its erection was 900,000 ducats. Davila calls it the "most elegant fabric in Spain;" but then it was his patron, "the most powerful lord, the King Don Philip the Fourth," who built it: less partial judges are puzzled to discover its beauties; "a foreigner who has seen more of Europe," says one of them, "will find this place hardly worthy of his notice." It seems to be, in fact, a mere court-yard, communicating with the outer streets by openings, or portals, at each of the corners, and in the middle of each of the sides. The want of a clear spacious approach deprives it of the little beauty it might otherwise offer.

This square is remarkable for having been formerly the theatre of the *Fiestas Reales*, or "Bull-Fights." On the occasion of these famous spectacles, the front apartments of the houses surrounding it used to be let out by their occupants, and thronged with eager spectators; in the area below, wooden benches were erected for the convenience of the people generally. We may add here,—for this is all the notice that we shall bestow upon these sports of cruelty,—that the bull-fights now take place in an amphitheatre, called the *Plaza de Toros*, or "Place of Bulls," which has been erected for the purpose on an eminence without the gate of Alcala.

The Plaza Mayor is also remarkable, as having been, in times now happily past, the place where used to be celebrated, whenever they were held in Madrid, the well-known exhibitions which bore the name of *Auto-da-fé*, (literally "Act of Faith,") or, as we have corrupted it, *Auto-da-fé*. On the occasions when this ceremony was performed with the highest pomp,—that is to say, when it was a "public and general act,"—an amphitheatre was erected in the square, at an elevation of some feet above its level; in this used to take place the reading of the appointed extracts from the trials promoted by the Inquisition, and of the sentences pronounced by its judges, and here too those sentences used to be carried into execution upon the persons of the offenders, if present, and upon their bones or effigies, if they were dead or absent.

Fortunately the Great Square of Madrid is in these times devoted to more civilized purposes; it is now simply a market-place, the centre of the retail trade of the city,

and the common rendezvous of the lower class of its inhabitants. In this humble capacity it is a source of much interest to any one who seeks to observe the peculiarities of the people. "Here the stranger must often stand still for a few minutes, to study the original character of the Spanish plebeian! Here he will, for the first time, learn to understand properly many a chapter in *Don Quixote*, and gather comments on the romances of the Spanish nation."

The very famous place called the *Puerta del Sol*, is commonly spoken of as a square, though it is simply the open space formed by the meeting of several large streets. Its name signifies, in English, "Gate of the Sun," or, as it has been somewhere rendered, with idiomatic freedom, "Sungate Square;" this it obtained in former times as the spot on which stood the eastern gate of Madrid, though now, from the growth of the capital, it is become almost its very centre. From this lively point, which is described as "the common resort of all the inhabitants, the general rendezvous of all men of business, all strangers, and all idlers," there are thoroughfares leading almost everywhere; and the stranger may rejoice in the comfortable assurance, that if he put himself into any street at the extremity of the city, it is sure to discharge him here. Fischer calls it "Madrid in miniature, with a bustling of groups and a change of masses, of which it would be impossible to describe even the tenth part." His description of it is lively: "At eleven in the forenoon," he says, "you see a number of officers of the guards in splendid uniforms, squalid capuchins with long beards, elegant Madrid beaux with their ladies, gloomy-looking ecclesiastics in long black gowns, a variegated medley of people, wearing cloaks or drest in the highest fashion,—they are all pressing in crowds to the corners, to read the bills or advertisements posted up. By degrees, the multitude increases; here you find newsmen, ballad-singers, jugglers, raree-showmen, dealers in cigars, soldiers, and venders of turnery-work, and such-like things. There a crowd has collected about a newsmonger, who is reading with a loud voice a newspaper; and there again a Valencian showman makes his monkey dance. Here watches, rings, and false diamonds are sold by auction; and further on, a number of hasty customers surround the table of a garrulous hackney-writer." These hackney-writers, or *memorialistas*, are a similar class to the *evangelistas* of Mexico, of whom we spoke in a former Supplement.

HOUSES.

The old houses of Madrid are not very attractive in their external appearance; they are generally constructed of wood, with high narrow windows and small ill-built balconies. They seldom exceed three stories in height, and have their upper portions projecting beyond the lower; the fronts are frequently adorned with dancing-figures, scenes from the bull-fights, and other embellishments in accordance with the habits of the people. The modern houses are more like those structures which are now to be seen in the principal streets of all the capitals of Europe; their material is granite, which is brought from some distance. They are loftier than the old houses,—their windows more spacious, and their balconies more elegant; their fronts do not project, and are usually quite plain and free from all pictorial decorations. There is one point in which both are alike, the ornaments which they exhibit of crucifixes and images of the Virgin and saints.

The houses have, however, rather the look of prisons; for the windows of the first floor are grated with bars of iron, whilst the stout door of wood, well studded with spike heads, has more the air of the gate of a fortified town than of the entrance to the dwelling of a peaceful citizen. There is a small window in the centre of the door, about six inches long by two broad, grated with iron, and furnished with a sliding shutter. When any one rings at the bell, a voice cries out "*Quien es?*"—"Who is it?" and whoever wishes to be admitted must answer "*Gente de Paz*"—literally, "People of Peace." The shutter is then pushed aside, and the person within peeps through the little window; if the visitor be unknown to him, admission is not granted until after some little colloquy. These precautions would appear to be not wholly useless—for we are told that it is no uncommon occurrence for robbers to enter a house in the day-time, when the men are absent, and having tied the female occupants, plunder the dwelling

and make off with their spoil. "Indeed," says a Young American, "I scarce became acquainted with a person in Madrid who had not been robbed one or more times."

Mr. Inglis gives the following statement in reference to the interior of a house which he visited, and which, he says, "may be taken as a sample of the houses of individuals possessing incomes of from £500 to £1000 a year. The principal room, answering to the English drawing-room, is large and well-lighted, a handsome straw-matting, marked in a pattern of coloured flowers, and which looks quite as pretty as a carpet, entirely covers the floor, which is generally of brick. There is no fire-place in the room; the walls and roof are both what is called stained, and this is as well executed as I have ever seen it in England; and the furniture of the room consists of a large mahogany sofa with hair cushion, covered with flowered black satin; mahogany chairs with green and straw-coloured basket-seats; four small mahogany tables of good material and prettily carved; and a large round table in the centre of the room—just like an English loo-table—upon which stands a handsome service of china; a mirror and two marble slabs between the windows, and a few pictures, copies from Spanish masters, complete the furniture; but let me not omit five or six low stools, scattered here and there, for every lady has her footstool." The worst apartment in a Spanish house, the same writer tells us, is the dining-room, or rather eating-room, for every meal is taken in the same one; the floor has generally no matting; the walls are unadorned, the furniture is of the commonest description, and the room itself so small, that the table, which nearly fills the room, is rarely large enough for more than six persons.

ROYAL PALACES.

THERE are five Royal Palaces in and about Madrid; at the head of them is that called "The Palace," or "The New Palace," which is the first among the public buildings of the capital. It stands on the site of the old Moorish Alcázar, and was built to replace the palace burnt down in 1734. Philip the Fifth, under whom it was erected, had formed the project of raising a most stupendous edifice, which should have four fronts, each 1600 feet in length, and 100 feet high, with twenty-three courts, and thirty-four entrances; but this was of course never realized. The palace, however, which was built, is a magnificent edifice, unquestionably one of the finest in Europe; it is after the designs of Sachetti, a Piedmontese architect.

The form of the palace is that of a regular square; each of its fronts is 470 feet in length, and 100 in height. A balustrade runs round the top to hide the leaden roof, and the walls are ornamented with numerous columns and pilasters. The palace is built in the most durable manner, and with every precaution against the fate which befel its predecessor; it rests on a system of arches, and no wood is employed in its construction, except in the roof, and the doors and windows. The interior is fitted up in a style of surpassing magnificence; "everything," says Mr. Inglis, "within it is of the most costly and most sumptuous kind, bespeaking the habitation of monarchs who once owned the riches of half the world."

Besides this, there are four other Royal Palaces;—the *Buen Retiro**, a mass of ancient buildings, falling fast to ruin, but having beautiful gardens attached to them; the *Casino*, a mimic palace, which is situated in a populous part of the city; the *Casa del Campo*, which stands low in the valley of the Manzanares; and, lastly, a nameless edifice, which crowns a hill overlooking that valley.

CHURCHES, AND OTHER PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE Churches of Madrid are quite insignificant: it has often been remarked as astonishing, that such a city as Madrid should not possess a single beautiful church. Many have very neat steeples, and many have handsome domes; but all which are pretty are too small, and those which are large are without taste. "Allowing some exceptions," says Mr. Swinburne, "I think I may safely pronounce the outward architecture of them all to be barbarous, and their manner of ornamenting the inside as bad as that of the worst ages. No mad architect ever dreamed of a distortion of members so capricious, of a twist of pillars, cornices, or pediments, so wild and fantastic, but what a real sample of it may be produced in some or other of the churches of Madrid. They are all small and poor in

marbles as well as in pictures. Their altars are piles of wooden ornaments, heaped up to the ceiling, and stuck full of wax-lights, which more than once have set fire to the whole church." This want of fine churches arises from the circumstance of Madrid not having been in existence during the flourishing times of ecclesiastical architecture. It has never at any time been the seat of a bishopric; it is now in the diocese of Toledo. In the year 1518, it was proposed to divide that archbishopric, and erect Madrid into a separate see; Pope Leo the Tenth even despatched the necessary bull, but the project was never carried into execution.

Among the other public buildings of this capital, we may mention generally, the Post-office, the Town-house, the Council-house, the *Saladero*, or public salting-establishment, which is described as a large and even noble edifice, —the State-prison, the Academy of San Fernando, in which the three "noble arts" of painting, statuary, and architecture, are taught gratuitously, and which deliberates on the plans of all public buildings to be erected,—and the Armoury, containing the armour of many illustrious warriors whom Spain has produced or vanquished, and many trophies of arms and banners which her troops have taken.

ROYAL MUSEUM OF PAINTINGS, ETC.

THE Royal Museum of Paintings in Madrid is one of the finest in existence; Captain Cook calls it the first among the establishments of its kind in Europe, and says that it contains a greater number of good works with a smaller admixture of bad than any other. The rooms in which it is preserved are admirably adapted to the purpose; they are four in number, each being about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and thirty-two in breadth, and being traversed in the middle by a connecting gallery of about three hundred feet in length.

The paintings themselves are of various schools, and comprise some of the finest specimens of the most celebrated masters. The Italian school is represented by the finest productions of Guercino, Tintoretto, the Poussins, Annibal and Augustine Caracci, Guido Reni, Luca Giordano, Leonardo da Vinci, Paolo Veronese; Michael Angelo, the head of the Florentine school; Titian, the prince of Venetian painters; and Raphael, who is here represented by his painting of Christ carrying the Cross, which is esteemed second to nothing but the Transfiguration. It was originally painted on wood, but with the lapse of three centuries, the wood became rotten, and there was a danger of its being entirely lost. This was of course among the immense number of paintings carried away to Paris by the French. It was likewise among the smaller number of those which returned after the final overthrow of Napoleon. In this case, the voyage was a serviceable one, for the French artists were so fortunate as to succeed in transferring the painted surface from the wood to canvass, and have thus saved it from premature destruction.

THE PRADO.

"EVERY Spaniard," says Mr. Inglis, "is proud of the Prado at Madrid; and but for the Prado, the inhabitants of Madrid would look upon life as a thing of very little value; every body goes every night to the Prado; every body—man, woman, and child—looks forward to the evening promenade with pleasure and impatience; every body asks every body the same question,—Shall you be on the Paseo (the Walk) to-night? How did you like the Paseo last night? Every night, at the same hour, the dragoons take their place along the Prado, to regulate the order and line of carriages; and the only difference between Sunday and any other night on the Prado is, that on Sunday it is frequented by those who can afford to dress only once a week, as well as by those who can dress every day."

This celebrated walk, which, to use the words of another modern traveller, has become "the pride and pleasure of Madrid, and the admiration of all Europe," owes its existence to the beneficence of Charles the Third, who filled the throne of Spain in the latter half of the eighteenth century. It was previously a barren waste, which had obtained a character as being the scene of many deeds of violence, that rendered its vicinity to the Spanish capital, and seat of government, a matter of some reproach: that monarch was at great expense in levelling its surface, and planting it with those noble trees which now contribute so much to the beauty of its appearance. The Prado, in its present state,

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. V., p. 5.

is from two to three hundred yards broad, and runs for a length of about two miles; it has numerous rows of elms and chestnuts, and is decorated with many beautiful fountains, whose sparkling waters serve on a summer's evening to spread a refreshing coolness through the air. The part which is particularly frequented by the visitors, is a space about half a mile in length, along which carriages drive up and down between files of pedestrians.

It is, perhaps, from the circumstance of being a place of such universal resort, that this far-famed promenade derives its principal charm; in the words of Mr. Inglis—"divested of its living attraction, it certainly is not entitled to the extravagant praises bestowed upon it by the Spaniards. But the Prado of Madrid," he continues, "though in itself not possessing the natural attractions of that of Vienna*, or perhaps of some others, is an admirable resort for a stranger who is desirous of seeing the population of Madrid. When I reached it, it seemed already crowded, though a dense stream of population was still pouring into it from the *Calle de Alcalá*. On the part appropriated to carriages, there was already a double row of vehicles, bespeaking, by their slow motion, the stateliness of character said to belong to the Spanish aristocracy. The turn-out of carriages presented a strange *mélange* of elegance and shabbiness; some few were as handsome as can be seen in Hyde Park; some—truly Spanish—were entirely covered with gilding and painting; many were like worn-out post-chaises; and several like the old family pieces that are yet sometimes to be seen at the church-door on Sunday, in some remote parishes in England. I observed the most ludicrous incongruity between the carriages and the servants; many a respectable and even handsome carriage might be seen with a servant behind like some street vagabond, who, seeing a vacant place, had mounted for the sake of a drive. I actually saw a tolerably neat carriage driven by a coachman without *stockings*; and another with a rheumatic lacquey behind, whose head was enveloped in flannel."

THE ESCURIAL.

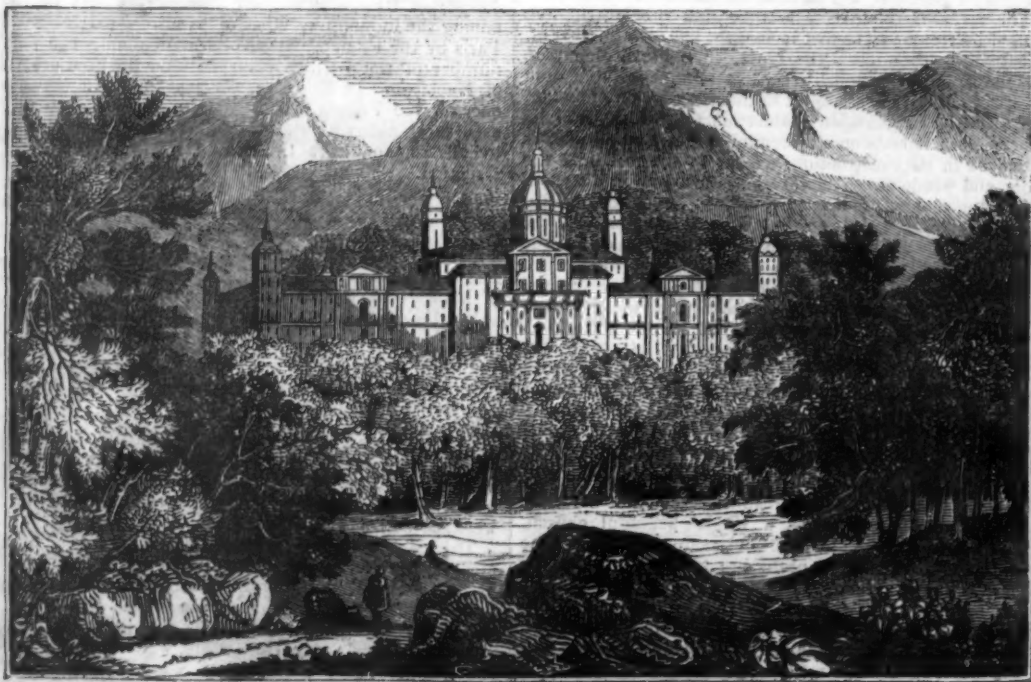
AN account of Madrid would be incomplete without some notice of the famous palace and monastery of the Escorial, although it stands at the distance of several miles. This famous edifice, which the Spaniards call *la octava maravilla*,

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. IV., p. 127.

"the eighth wonder," owes its existence to the bigotry of Philip the Second, who, in his fight with the French at St. Quintin, vowed that if he were successful, he would build the most magnificent convent in the world, in honour of the saint whose name should be found that day upon the calendar. The battle being won, it was found that San Lorenzo, or Saint Lawrence, was the lucky patron; and measures were taken for the fulfilment of the vow. It was discovered also, that according to the legend, this saint had suffered death by being roasted on a gridiron; and the architect, Juan Baptista de Toledo, at once took it into his head to build the convent in the form of that culinary instrument. "With this view," says the author of *A Year in Spain*, "he represented the several bars by files of building, the handle by a portion of the church, and even the feet of his singular model, by four insignificant towers, which rise at the corners. Indeed, the only poetic license which he was guilty of, was in supposing his gridiron to be turned upside down."

It would be impossible for us to give a detailed description of the different parts of this establishment. Mr. Inglis says, that "it is confessedly the most wonderful edifice in Europe, whether in dimensions or riches." Perhaps our readers may form some distinct idea of its greatness, when we tell them that it has 1860 rooms, 12,000 windows and doors, 80 staircases, 73 fountains, 48 wine-cellars, 8 organs, and 51 bells. It contains, also, 1560 oil paintings; and the frescos, if all brought together, would form a square of 1100 feet. Its circumference is 4800 feet,—nearly a mile.

The church is a wonderful structure: Mr. Inglis says that it certainly exceeded anything which he had previously imagined. "The riches of Spain," he says, "and her ancient colonies, are exhausted in the materials—marbles, porphyries, jaspers of infinite variety, and of the most extraordinary beauty, gold, silver, and precious stones; and the splendid effect of the whole is not lessened by a nearer inspection: there is no deception, no glitter,—all is real. The whole of the altarpiece in the Capilla Mayor, upwards of ninety feet high, and fifty broad, is one mass of jasper, porphyry, marble, and bronze, gilded; the eighteen pillars that adorn it, each eighteen feet high, are of deep red and green jasper, and the intervals are of porphyry and marble of the most exquisite polish, and the greatest variety of colour. It is, in fact, impossible to turn the eye in any direction, in which it does not rest upon the rarest treasures of nature, or the most excellent works of art.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.